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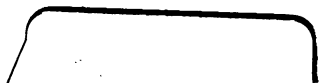
THE IDLE HOURS



OF AN INVALID.

280

280. f. 1604







THE
IDLE HOURS
OF AN
INVALID.

TURN, turn, my wheel ! all life is brief ;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay ;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;
The blue eggs in the robins' nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Longfellow.



OXFORD :
PRINTED BY A. R. MOWBRAY & CO.

1878.





Dedication.

MOTHER, to You—who falter'd ne'er,
But with one single aim and thought,
Our Brother's good for ever sought,
And nursed him with a tender care :

To You—to whom he owed the power
Of walking in that fairy land
Where Art and Science, hand-in-hand,
Amused him many a lonely hour :

We DEDICATE his book of rhymes—
The offspring of his fertile mind ;
And may you, in perusing, find
A balm therein for tearful times.





INTRODUCTION.

WE publish our Brother's Rhymes for circulation amongst friends, who, we are sure, will "be to his faults a little blind." It must be remembered he wrote with no idea of his verses ever appearing in print ; neither would they be now published, had we not received from him permission to do with them as we pleased.

We claim for him no high poetic art: he merely dabbled in versification—as he did in the sciences—for his own amusement. Many of the pieces, we are aware, lack finish, and are otherwise faulty; but we have thought it better in most cases to print them as they were written. Here and there slight changes have been made, but never has the sense been altered. The lines on Windermere were written before he was seventeen; and many of the others were found after his death written in pencil on scraps of paper.

No further apology should be needed.

GEORGE RICHARD BEAUMONT was born October 2, 1853, and lived rather less than twenty-five years, more than a third of which period he was an invalid. Reckoned by years this was a short life : by results it was long,—“the life is long which answers life’s great end.” His thoughts and sentiments may be gathered from the following pages ; his chief characteristic was reservedness. He was ever quiet and retiring, even before friends, very few of whom really understood him. But this is not a memoir. Let it suffice : as he lived, so he died,—quietly and peacefully.

“ He faded and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender,—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind.
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o’er his untimely lot ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature’s feebleness,
More slowly drawn grew less and less ;
I listen’d, but I could not hear.”

Byron.

His last long voyage is o’er ; no longer “battling with the angry tide,” he is “safe in port,”—

“ Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse’s fever beating.”

He bears the palm and wears the crown, and we—

“with an aching void” it seems “the world can never fill,”—are left behind still to toil upwards in the dark, still to bear the brunt of life’s battle.

“ But though the wind so wearily is whining,
Each cloud it rolls has got a silver lining.”

And we, too, shall soon be

“ Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going.”

* * * * *

Many of the ideas in the following pages were taken from books our brother had been reading. The influence of Tennyson’s poetry—“ In Memoriam ” especially—is apparent in many pieces; and who cannot trace, in the verses he has called “ The River Styx,” the following golden words of Charles Dickens?—“ How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes ! But it is near the sea. I hear the waves ! Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes ! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank ? ” *

* “ Death of Little Dombey.” Charles Dickens.

Again, in the last two stanzas of "Gone," who cannot see the shadow of these words of the inimitable novelist?—"The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean." *

For the verses entitled "Evening" he has composed a tune. The two deaths recorded in rhyme—"Sunset and Sunrise," and "Peace,"—were each the result of the same fatal malady he suffered from himself, Consumption. "Gone" was probably written on the same occasion as "Sunset and Sunrise."

Many of his verses are unfinished; the "Wreck of the Dunbar," for instance. This piece is founded on fact. The "Dunbar" mistook the lights at Sydney Heads, and dashed on to the rocks, and all lives were lost, save one.

The "Parramatta Rhymes" were written with the intention of inserting them in the diary he kept of

* "Death of Little Dombey." Charles Dickens.

his voyage round the world in the ship "Parramatta," in 1873-74. "The Rape of the Lock," and the "Vision of the Woman in White," are founded on incidents that occurred, the one when outward bound, the other when homeward bound.

In conclusion, the arrangement has been made chronologically, as far as possible, and a few foot-notes have been inserted.

E. T. B.

W. M. B.

OXFORD,
July, 1878.





Contents.



	PAGE.
Windermere at Midnight	1
School-Boy Honour ; or, The Innocent Punished	2
Spring	3
Summer (A Fragment)	4
Autumn	6
Evening	7
To Lulu	9
Thoughts in Christ Church Meadow	10
To a Friend	12
The River Styx	13
Think'st Thou I would ever	14
On receiving a Mourning Card	16
An Epitaph	17
Yule-tide	18
Hymn for Christmas Morning	21
Psalm XXIII	23
Psalm XCII	25
Lay me in my Little Grave	29
Sunset and Sunrise	30
Gone	33
Thoughts in a Shady Grot	35
Lullaby	37
Answer to a Poem	38
Snow	40
The Butterfly and the Caterpillar	42
A Ballad of the Sea Shore	45
A Wail from the Sea Shore	56
Edith ..	62

	PAGE.
Song	63
To Buss	64
My Choice	65
The Old Year	66
God the Creator	68
Song : The West Wind	69
Epigram	70
The Drunkard	71
The Lark	72
To the Sea	73
Night in the Tropics	74
Night (at Home)	75
Voices from the Ocean	76
Associations	83
"He is not Dead but Sleepeth"	86
Theobald's	87
Lines Written in an Album	89
The Flower	90
Human Life	91
The Wreck of the Dunbar	93
"PARRAMATTA" RHYMES :	
Introductory	97
The Dedication	98
Prelude to My Log	101
Song	102
Diary, 1873	105
Flying South	109
The Rape of the Lock	111
Interlude	119
Homeward Bound	121
The Vision of the Woman in White	124
Postlude	126





Windermere at Midnight.



THOU beauteous lake, how placid and serene !
Thou stretchest forth before me at my feet ;
But soon thou wilt assume a different scene,
As if a thousand stars were come to greet
The silent moon, now rising in the heavens ;
Which, as it rises, sheds its rays around
Upon the lake, that glares as if on fire,
And all the waves arise as with a bound,
And sparkle brighter than the stars on high,
Which suddenly, when the moon's in sight,
Hide they their faces in the heavens so high,
And dare not shine before so great a light.

August, 1870.

School Boy Honour ; or the Innocent Punished.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)*



REAK, break, break,

Upon my poor back, O cane,
And I would that you had to suffer
This terrible aching pain !

O well for the guilty boy
That he's got off scot free ;
O well it is for him
That his punishment falls on me.

And the other boys around
Look on with anger flamed,
And almost seem to wish
I had the culprit named.

Break, break, break,
And split yourself if you like,
But I vow that little brute
Shall pay for this to-night.

1871 (?)

* Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Tennyson.


Spring.



OW that the Winter's gone, we'll have no more
The cold east wind and frost outside our
door ;

But the warm sun breaks forth to thaw the earth,
And give the early flowers a happy birth ;
And the poor thrushes now begin to sing,
And make the woods and glades around them ring ;
With their sweet song they do so happy seem,
As if there had no snow or Winter been.
And all seems melted by the noonday sun ;
All, do I say? Not all, for there is one
Whose love is cold and heart is all congeal'd,
Who will not to my words or wishes yield.

Summer (A Fragment).

UMMER is come ; and Spring has past
away,

Together with the early flowers of May.
The crocuses are dead, and snowdrops too,
The primroses so gay, and violets blue
Which we admire and gaze on with delight
When Summer flowers are hidden from our sight.
But flowers now of still more glorious hue
Adorn our gardens, and deck our houses too.
The lovely rose, emblem of love divine,
And queen of flowers, in grandeur most sublime,
In almost every garden as we dwell
We may its beauty see—its fragrance smell :
In rich men's gardens it does e'er abound,
And with the humblest poor it will be found,
Though "queen of flowers" no haughty pride has got,
But deigns to be with high or lowly lot.

* * * * *


The Spring has past, and Summer-time has come,
And all is soften'd by the noonday sun.
All, do I say? Yea all this time I own,
For those cold words at last have changed their tone,
That heart before congeal'd is warm with love,
And flamed with heavenly feelings from above.

Those lips, that once spake nothing but disdain,
Now whisper words of love (and not in vain)
Into the ears of one, who months before
Whisper'd the same sweet words, but got no more
Than harsh rebukes, and frowns of stern displeasure
To think about, and brood upon at leisure.

June, 1871.



Autumn.

ND now the leaves are falling fast,
And now the year is gliding past,
Showing that Winter's drawing near,
And Christmas-time and friends so dear.

The fields will soon be clothed in snow,
And on the ice we'll skating go ;
And after that the Spring so gay,
With all the pretty flowers of May.

And then we'll have the Summer warm,
With now and then a pleasant storm ;
And when the Summer time is o'er,
We'll have the Autumn back once more.

28th October, 1872.

Evening.



AS the sun sinks lower
In the western sky,
Twilight closing over
Tells us night is nigh.

As the shades of evening
Fall with noiseless tread,
Darkness covers all things
With its mantle dread.

The evening moon ascending
With its silvery light,
And the stars, now peeping,
Whisper, "It is night."

All are wrapt in slumbers,
Cynthia reigns alone,
Animals and flowers
The power of Morpheus own.

Jesus, may Thine Angels,
Guarding those who sleep,
Thro' the long night watches,
Faithful vigils keep.

Grant to little children
Calm and pleasant rest,
And to those who suffer
May sweet sleep be blest.

In the early morning
May all things arise,
Thanking God their Maker,
With uplifted eyes,

For His kind protection,
While they sleeping lay,
Asking for His blessing
Thro' the coming day.

26th Oct. 1872.



To Lulu.



IN the busy scenes of life,
Midst all pleasures and all strife,
Lulu, wheresoe'er I be,
I shall always think of thee.


If success should be my lot,
Thou wilt never be forgot ;
If misfortune fall on me
I shall always think of thee.

Dearest, at some future day,
When from here I move away,
Though thy face I shall not see,
I shall always think of thee.

When we part thou mayest miss
For a time affection's kiss :
When thou hast forgotten me
I shall always think of thee.

Fair one ! when we're separate
Thou wilt never know my fate ;
One thing I will ask of thee,
Wilt thou sometimes think of me ?

Thoughts in Christ Church Meadow.

OLDEN leaves around me falling,
Autumn fast upon me closing,
Darkness creeping, creeping, creeping,
Satan ever watchful seeking,
In the Autumn to revile me,
Midst the darkness to beguile me.
Open enemies about me,
And worse—apparent friends who doubt me,
Saying bitter things against me,
Who before my face uphold me,
With false words pretend to love me,
And flattering speeches loudly praise me.

* * * * *

Shall I not, O ! silent tide,
In thy stream all sorrow hide,
Casting all my cares upon thee,
Seeking thy dark shade to shield me,
From all worldly eyes now near me,
From all fickle friends who fear me?

* * * * *

Thoughts like these come floating o'er me,
As I muse in silence near thee ;

And thy stream while flowing past me
Seems to say, "Plunge in! embrace me,
"Where no enemies can harm thee,
"Where no terrors shall alarm thee,
"Where the years roll on for ever
"In a round of endless pleasure."

* * * * *

Autumn, 1874.



To a Friend

EXPOSTULATING ON THE SENTIMENT OF

“Thoughts in Christ Church Meadow.”



Y friend, do not upbraid me,
And say that I am mad,
Those words which you forbade me
Are not so very bad.

Think you I mean self-murder,
A suicide to be?
For nothing is absurder
Than such a thought to me.

But see you not the meaning?
Surely you must know it,
That this half-conscious dreaming
Is the license of a poet.

The River Styx.



HEAR the mighty rushing river
Rolling onward to the sea,
Tell me ! tell me ! will it never
Cease to flow, or cease to be ?

Hear the troubled waters leaping,
With the surf on either side,
See the waves in conflict sweeping
Upward with the rising tide !

And my little boat, now tossing,
Still rides onward to the sea ;
Now the river's mouth I'm crossing,
Now the fairer shore I see.

And the music, in the distance,
Floats along the enchanted air,
See that figure ! what a radiance
Beams upon His face so fair !

As He hastens forth to meet me,
Smiling as He comes along ;
And ten thousand angels greet me
With a loud celestial song.

Think'st thou I would ever.



HINK'ST thou I would ever leave thee,
Think'st thou I would treat thee ill,
For I never will deceive thee,
I will ever love thee still.

Tho' in foreign climes I wander,
Tho' on alien shores I roam,
'Twill be but to love thee fonder
When I'm farthest from thy home.

Say not that I'm cruel hearted,
Say not that my love has fled,
For when you and I are parted,
You will wish those words unsaid.

Often when you're dull and lonely,
Often when you sit and sigh,
Think of one who loves you only
Dwelling 'neath another sky ;

Who has ever thoughts about you,
Who for you could all endure,
Who will never, never doubt you,
Never scorn a love so pure ;


But will soon return and greet you
On the threshold of your door,
On that happy day he'll meet you,
Meet, yes, meet to part no more.

1875 (?).



On receiving the Mourning Card of a
Young Man, aged 27.

Peace !

“  IS end was peace :” so said the mourning
card,
And nothing more. But just this simple
word,

He died at peace with man, and with the Lord.

But though so small, a word how much exprest !
His body, wreck'd by pain, is now at rest ;
His spirit now is dwelling 'mongst the blest.

The body made of dust, to dust returns ;
The soul, no longer link'd with earth's concerns,
The beauties of its Lord in heaven discerns.

* * * * *

O Glorious Peace ! the peace which God hath given,
Which passeth understanding, reigns in heaven,
And dwells on earth with those who are forgiven.

Teach me, O Lord, a better life to lead ;
To love Thee more, and more Thy word to heed,
To worship Thee in thought, in word, and deed ;

To seek this peace ! Oh ! may I early find
This heavenly peace, which is so wondrous kind,
Which soothes earth's pains and calms the troubled
mind.

So that when strength shall fail or breath shall cease,
And life give place to death, O sweet release !
It may be said of me, " His end was peace."



AN EPITAPH.

STOP, passer by, and see,
For underneath this tree,
In *Peace*, lies G. R. B.

Dec., 1875.



Yule-tide.



WHEN the Yule log cracks and brightly glows,
When the cruel frost nips and the east
wind blows,

When coals are dear, and ices cheap,
When the snow, in drifts, lies six feet deep,
And the boys from school with glee do come,
And the girls with joy do skip and run,
And the great owl cries in the darksome night,
And the glow-worm hides his feeble light,
And old friends come, from far and near,
To help partake of our Christmas cheer,
To talk of things long past and o'er,
And those whom we shall see no more,
And the postman calls for his Christmas box,
And the lamplighter, and the gardener Fox,
And Thomas comes for a Christmas dinner,
And even Richard, though an awful sinner,
Expects to get an extra shilling,
By pretending to be so good and willing ;
And the ringers too, with their merry chime,
Remind us that it's Christmas time ;
And the Waits at midnight go their round
And fill the street with the solemn sound
Of harmonious strains, and music rare
As it floats along on the frosty air,

To soothe the mind and calm the breast
Of those in pain who cannot rest,
But on a bed of anguish lie
And toss, and almost wish to die.

* * * *

Last night as upon my bed I lay
Wakeful, and longing for dawn of day,
A vision of heaven appear'd in the skies,
And a light so bright it dazzled my eyes,
And the sound of heavenly music near,
And methought I saw the Grail appear
As a cup, it stole down a silver beam
Into my room ; and, in my dream,*
I thought, as the vision comes and goes,
Of her, who drank of that cup of woes,
And while I thought the music ceased,
And from my vision I was released,
And found it was but a mid-night dream
Of the Holy Grail and silver beam.

The music was caused by the waits below
With the clarionet and shrill piccolo.

* Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,

Tennyson.

And when awake and the sound I knew
I felt disappointed it was not true ;
For dreams are true, as long as they last,
But false and fickle when they're past.

But it's Christmas time, and no time to be sad,
For everyone should be joyous and glad,
And think of our Saviour Christ who was born
Long years ago on a Christmas morn ;
Who suffer'd death on earth that we,
In Heaven, might live in Eternity.

Then let us all be cheerful and gay,
And keep our sorrows for another day,
" For Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

1875.



Hymn for Christmas Morning.

I



CHRISTIANS lift your voices high,
Raise an anthem to the sky,
For our Saviour Christ was born
On this holy happy morn.

2

Let us sing who are set free
From our long captivity,
For our Saviour Christ was born
On this holy happy morn.

3

In a manger rude He lay
On that early natal day,
Christ our Saviour Who was born
On this holy happy morn.

4

Shepherds came to worship there,
In that stable rude and bare,
Christ our Saviour Who was born
On this holy happy morn.

5

Wise men journeying from afar
Hasten, guided by the star,
To worship Him Who was born
On this holy happy morn.

6

He by wicked man betray'd
With His life our ransom paid,
Christ our Saviour Who was born
On this holy happy morn.

1876 (?).



Psalm xxiii.



THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I all in Him confide,
If He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

He leads me by the stream
Of crystal waters pure,
And in the lovely pastures green
He makes me rest secure.

My soul He doth restore,
He doth my footsteps make
In righteous paths, for evermore
To walk, for His Name's sake.

Yea, though in death's dark shade
No evil will I fear,
Of nothing will I be afraid
If Thou art ever near.

Thy glory shall I see
In that dark vale of death ;
Thy rod and staff will comfort me
At my expiring breath.

Thou dost my table spread,
My cup of grace o'erflows,
With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
In the presence of my foes.

Since goodness, mercy, grace,
He doth on me bestow,
I evermore will seek His face
Within His house below.


1876.



Psalm xcii.

(PUT INTO VERSE.)

I

T is a good thing to give thanks,
And with our tongues proclaim
In songs of joy, O Lord most high,
The praises of Thy Name ;

2

Thy loving-kindness to shew forth
In early morning's light ;
And to repeat Thy faithfulness
At each returning night.

3

With a ten-stringed instrument,
And harp with solemn sound,
And from the tuneful psaltery,
Thy praises shall resound.

4

For Thou, O Lord, hast made me glad,
And Thee I'll glorify ;
And to the works wrought by Thy hand
I'll sing triumphantly.

5 and 6

How deep are all Thy thoughts, O Lord,
Thy works how very great,
A fool, and brutish man of this
Cannot participate.

7

The wicked spring up as the grass,
And flourish for a day ;
But as the grass they'll be destroy'd,
And quickly fade away.

8 and 9

For Thou, O Lord, Who art most high,
Wilt slay Thine enemies ;
The workers of iniquity
Shall flee before Thine eyes.

10

Thou wilt anoint me with fresh oil,
Thou wilt exalt my horn,
As I behold Thou dost exalt
That of the unicorn.

11

And all my wicked enemies
Shall perish in my sight,
And I shall hear no more of those
Who strove with me to fight.

12

The righteous ever flourishing
Shall be like palm trees grown ;
Or like the stately cedars high,
That wave like Lebanon.

13

And those who in the house of God,
Are planted here below,
Shall flourish in the courts above,
When to those courts they go ;

14

And then when years are past away,
And they are growing old,
Still flourishing, they'll bring forth fat
And fruit an hundred-fold.

15

And so the Lord who is upright,
By all this fruitfulness
Will shew that in Him, as my rock,
Is no unrighteousness.

Brighton, 1876.



Lay Me in My Little Grave.



LAY me in my little grave,
Peace and quiet I shall have
'Neath the sombre shades of yew,
Bathed by each refreshing dew.

There no murm'ings shall be heard,
Nothing shall my rest disturb,
There I'll lay my weary head
In that cold and narrow bed.

I shall sleep a sleep so sound
'Neath that little grassy mound,
Till the day when I shall rise,
With my Saviour in the skies.

In my life for heaven prepare me,
At my death to churchyard bear me,
In God's quiet acre leave me,
God accept me, Christ receive me.

Sunset and Sunrise.

(ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN.)

A. F. C. Obiit. 9 May, 1876.



HE shades of even fall, as in the west,
The sun in gorgeous splendour sinks to
rest ;

The tide that's flown, now slowly ebbs away,
And all things tell of the departing day.
The song of birds is hush'd, and all asleep
The winds are still'd, and even the very deep
Has sunk away in silence and repose,
As backward from the shore the ebb-tide flows.

And life's short daylight now is almost past,
And its uncertain tide is ebbing fast,
As bending o'er that bed, with bated breath,
The mother sees the fast approach of death ;
The fix'd and glassy eye, the blanched cheek,
The wasted form—these all too plainly speak
That soon that human life will be no more,
That soon her ills and pains will all be o'er.

The twilight deepens into gloomy night,
The stars above now hide their feeble light,
As in the west the wind is heard to rise,
Rolling thick clouds of blackness o'er the skies.

And now life's night is come in all its gloom
As death's soft breath blows sadly o'er that room,
Rolling black clouds of darkness o'er each heart,
As watching there they see that soul depart.
But though their sorrow seems so hard to bear,
Though bathed in grief, they do not quite despair ;
For while the wind so wearily is whining,
Each cloud it rolls has got a silver lining.

S U N R I S E .

ONCE more the glorious sun is seen to rise,
Shooting bright rays of gladness o'er the skies,
Dispersing clouds and mists of early morn
As darkness fading, brightens into dawn.
The lark arising tunes his joyful lay,
With cheerful voice to usher in the day,
And drowsy nature, waking o'er the earth,
From gloomy night to smiling day gives birth.

And life's bright sun, beyond death's dreary night,
Rises in heaven, an everlasting light :
No mists, no clouds, obstruct a single ray
Of brightness there, for all is perfect day.
No storms, no tempests now, no midnight gloom,
No morn *nor* even shade, for all is noon.

No partings there, no pains, nor thoughts of sadne
No sorrows there, for all is joy and gladness.

The sun in beauty rises on that shore,
In beauty shines, and shines to set no more.

“ Whom the gods love, die young.”

Plautus.

12th May, 1876.



Gone !

ONE the fairest flower
In the garden grown,
Wither'd in an hour
Ere the bud had blown.

Gone from this world of sin,
Gone to that far-off shore,
Her pleasures now begin,
Her troubles now are o'er.

Gone to her heavenly joy,
Gone to her long'd-for home,
Where cares cannot alloy,
Where sins can never come.

There can no troubles be,
No pain can enter there,
All in that world are free
From sorrow and from care.

Her earthly race is run,
Her fears are vanquish'd now,
Her heavenly crown is won,
And placed upon her brow.

Only another day
And then our time will come,
Only a short delay
And *our* work will be done.

In heaven we shall see her,
When we're call'd away,
And in glory meet her
At the judgment day.

Gone from this world of sorrowing,
Gone to that land of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

* * * * *

Death that old, old fashion,
Born in days of yore,
With his icy mantle
Comes to claim one more.

Thanks for that old fashion
We would raise to Thee,
And that older fashion
Of Immortality.

Thoughts in a Shady Grot.



AFT, ye gentle breezes, o'er me,
Shed o'er me a heavenly calm ;
With your zephyr soft restore me,
Healing me like Gilead's balm.

Bathed by each returning shower,
Water'd by the dew of heaven,
Let me rest within my bower,
Both by God and man forgiven.

May my words be mild and lowly,
May my thoughts be pure and free,
Ever humble, ever holy,
May my every action be.

May each moment, flying onward,
Be by me not idly spent,
But with one intention heavenward
May my steps be ever bent.

May no pains or ills approach me,
May I ever watchful be,
So that none can e'er reproach me
For my inconsistency.

So that when to Hell* descended,
Thinking o'er my life again,
I may find the time that's ended
Was not spent by me in vain.

July, 1876.

* Hades.



Lullaby.

(E. F. BEAUMONT, BORN AUGUST 31, 1876.)

at 158 Vaux 22, 1905.

LEEP, my baby ! sleep, my birdie !

Cradled in thy little nest :

Sleep, my darling ! sleep, my beauty !

Safely on thy mother's breast.

Bye-bye, dearest ! nought can harm thee,

Nought disturb thy tranquil rest :

Sleep, my darling ! sleep, my beauty !

Safely on thy mother's breast.

Sleep, my baby ! close those eye-peeps,

Watch'd by her who loves thee best ;

Sleep, my darling ! sleep, my beauty !

Safely on thy mother's breast.

Evening stars above are peeping,

Evening winds rise in the west,

Little baby sweetly sleeping

Safely on its mother's breast.

Answer to a Poem

ENTITLED

"THE SECRET OF THE SEA,"

By H. W. Longfellow.

(IMPROMPTU.)



R. LONGFELLOW, wouldest thou
Learn the secret of the sea,
For it's very certain you don't
Comprehend its mystery ?

Did you ever know a helmsman
Chant a shanty wild or clear ?

Did you ever know a sea-bird
Poise upon the mast to hear ?*

If you'd ever cross'd the Channel,
Or "took" steamer down to Deal,
You'd know "no smoking 'baft the funnel,"
"Talk not to the man at the wheel."

* "How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear.

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried with impulse strong,
'Helmsman, for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song.'"

Longfellow.

Ere you write another poem
Of "the Secret of the Sea,"
Take a voyage just to learn
Something of its mystery.

Nov., 1876.



Snow.

BEAUTIFUL snow, so spotless and white,
As flake after flake falls noiseless and light,
Flitting along without trouble or care,
Borne hither and thither on the clear frosty air ;
Each flake so carelessly flying around,
Has appointed its place to fall on the ground ;
For each as it falls so airy and light
Is helping to clothe the valleys in white ;
And the hill tops in pure snowy mantles appear,
And all things are cover'd both distant and near ;
Except on the path where men's footsteps have been,
A crevasse reveals the dark earth between ;
Where each foot has fallen a mark shews the place,
And no human power that mark can efface ;
But as soon as the snow falls lightly again
The marks disappear : no footsteps remain.

* * * * *

Emblem of purity : emblem of love :
And all that is pure and lovely above :
No human feeling : nothing below ;
But Christ's love alone is as pure as the snow.
This precious love is bountifully given,
Just as the snow which falls down from Heaven,

Given from that inexhaustible fount,
Which springs from His blood shed on Calvary's
Mount ;
Given to each if he will it, or no,
Given as freely from Heaven as the snow ;
Covering his sins from the time of his birth,
Just as the snow covers up the whole earth.
Nothing but Christ, if His love He outpour,
Can make me guiltless and pure as before.
Grant, Lord, that this love with me may abide,
Like earth 'neath the snow, in peace, would I hide,
And clothed in this mantle no longer I'd fear,
Though troubles, and trials, and temptations, appear.
May I not violate this trust so sublime,
Leaving my footsteps in the annals of time ;
Footsteps so prominent, footsteps so dark,
That earth cannot move, nor time hide the mark,
But just as the snow descending again,
May I 'neath its shelter spotless remain.

Brighton, 1876.



The Butterfly and the Caterpillar.

(A FABLE.)

BEAUTIFUL butterfly ! sporting so gay,
And merrily all the bright summer day,
Flitting along in each shady bower,
Sipping sweet nectar from each sunny flower,
No anguish hast thou, no trouble, nor sorrow,
No fears of to-day, nor thoughts of to-morrow,
But gaily pursuing thy innocent flight
Through the glorious sunshine from morning till night.
Why art thou blest with those pinions so fair,
Bearing thee upwards afar in the air,
Where nothing can vex thee, nothing can harm,
Nothing can grieve thee, or cause thee alarm ;
While I, a poor worm, lie grovelling here,
My life is a source of trouble and fear,
Trouble, lest I starve when no food can be found,
Fear, lest I'm kill'd by my enemies round ;
And then, when life's o'er, and I come to die,
And pass from this world, what prospect have I ?
No prospect at all. As a dark chrysalis
My life will be then more wretched than this ;
Not knowing how long in that state I'll remain,
As a motionless thing with no voice to complain ;
Not knowing if again the light I shall see,
Or if from these bonds I shall ever be free.

Oh ! if I had wings, yea, only one pair,
How gladly I'd fly from this world and its care,
And winging my way on pinions so light,
I'd rise o'er the hills in rapturous flight."

Thus spake the grub to the butterfly gay,
Just at the close of a bright summer day,
As settling down, after his wearisome flight,
The butterfly folded his wings for the night.

Thus spake the grub, then turn'd with a sigh,
And thus spake Psyche to him in reply :—
"O fool, to complain, and mourn at your fate,
And envy my wings ; why canst thou not wait,
In a few days at most, a chrysalis you'll be,
And then a few more and you will be free ;
From those bonds you will issue a butterfly fair,
With two pair of wings to mount in the air,
To bear you aloft wherever you will,
From mountain to valley, o'er river and hill.
Like you I was once a grub on the ground,
With foes to be fought, and food to be found ;
Perhaps, then, like you, for a wing'd state I yearn'd,
Till in a short time to a chrysalis I turn'd ;
Then motionless, blind, in darkness I lay,
With no eyes to behold ; 'twas all night and no day,
Till warm'd by the sun, and gathering strength,
From my shell, by an effort, I issued at length,

No longer a grub, but a butterfly fair,
And destined eftsoons* to mount in the air ;
No longer without sight, I had ten thousand eyes :
No longer without motion, I rose to the skies."
So spake the butterfly ; not wishing to stay
He spread out his wings and hasted away ;
With circular sweep, disappear'd in the sky,
Before the caterpillar had time to reply.

MORAL

Who cannot see ; the moral is clear :
This life is made up of trouble and fear,
And after this life, and we come to die,
In the grave our bodies will silently lie ;
For a time they will sleep 'midst darkness and gloom,
As motionless things in the cold dreary tomb ;
Till the great Judgment Day from the grave they will
rise,
And, soaring aloft, will mount to the skies,
In ethereal space they'll hasten away
From earth's darksome night to Heaven's endless day ;
There sharing the radiance and peace of the blest—
No longer in trouble—for ever they'll rest.

Brighton, 1876.

* Quickly.

A Ballad of the Sea Shore.

PART I.



STROLL'D along the distant shore,
Far as the eye can reach,
Nor voice I heard, save the lisp'g waves,
As they kiss'd the sandy beach.

And wandering on round yonder point,
Where the ocean meets the air,
Seated upon a stone I found
A little maiden fair.

Her hair was of a golden hue,
Her breast was snowy white,
And in her eyes, turn'd towards the sea,
There dwelt a heavenly light.

I gazed upon her form so fair,
Her look so meek and mild ;
And as I look'd a yearning seem'd
To draw me towards the child.

I ask'd her why she sat so still,
Upon that rugged stone,
And where were all her playmates gone,
And if she dwelt alone.

She slowly turn'd her face to me,
And, as her eyes met mine,
I saw within them such a look—
A look almost divine :

She said, " My father's gone away,
Across the distant sea,
And I sit here to welcome him
When he comes back to me ;

" 'Tis two years since we saw his face,
And two long years they've been ;
And mother says his noble ship
Will never more be seen.

" But that it's wreck'd and lost upon
Some foreign shore afar,
And that he's drown'd and gone to heaven,
Where rocks nor tempests are.

" But all day long I watch the sea
As it tosses to and fro,
For I know that he'll come back to me,
The angel told me so."

I pitied that little helpless child,
For I felt from what she said,
Her father never would come back
Till the sea gave up its dead.

But I fear'd to tell her what I thought,
As seating myself on the sand
Beside her there, I took in mine
Her thin and sunburnt hand.

I ask'd her who her mother was,
And whether she lived near,
And who the angel was she said
Had bid her have good cheer.

She said, " My mother's a sailor's wife,
She lives on the cliff hard by ;
And the angel I saw was one of light,—
A spirit from on high.

" But," she said, " you may not believe my tale,
But think it all a dream,
For everyone says that angels from heaven
Are never by mortals seen.

" But I saw this one with my mortal eyes,
And I heard the words he spake,
As, thinking of father so far away,
In bed I lay awake.

" And if you'll listen I'll tell you all
About this angel bright,
And how he came and spoke to me
In the middle of the night."

~~~~~

## PART. II.

### THE CHILD'S TALE.

" My father is mate of the ' Mary Anne,'  
Three hundred tons is she,  
A 1 at Lloyd's, and as fine a barque  
As ever put to sea.

" And oft I've watch'd her clear the port,  
The ' blue peter' flying high,  
And heard the shout of the men aloft,  
As they let the clewlines fly.

---

“And so two years ago I watch’d,  
Till no longer I could see  
Her hull and sails, then went and pray’d  
He might return to me.

“And merrily I went to play,  
The weeks they quickly flew ;  
Six months went by, the ‘Mary Anne’  
In port was overdue.

“And still weeks pass’d in rapid flight,  
And still no news had we ;  
And all day long I sat down here  
And watch’d the distant sea.

“And so for months and months I watch’d,  
Until all hope had fled,  
And then I knew the ship was wreck’d,  
And all her crew were dead.

“And then we mourn’d for him as lost,  
And felt our hopes were vain ;  
We knew that the crew and vessel, too,  
Would ne’er come back again.

## THE IDLE HOURS

---

“ Until one night, 'twas a stormy night,  
And the sleet and rain fell fast,  
And the towering waves ran mountains high,  
And terrible blew the blast.

“ All through that night in bed I lay  
Awake, for I could not sleep,  
And I pray'd for those who were struggling for life  
Upon the mighty deep.

“ Then I thought of father, how often he  
Had by those billows been toss'd,  
And I wonder'd if in a gale like this  
His noble ship was lost.

“ But as I listen'd to the howling wind  
And the angry waves below,  
The noise gave o'er, upon the shore,  
The tempest ceased to blow.

“ And as it ceased a glorious light  
Shone in upon my bed,  
A light so bright, that in my fright  
I cover'd up my head.

“ But I heard a voice so very kind,  
Which told me not to hide,  
And looking up at once I saw  
An angel at my side.

“ He told me not to be afraid,  
And he cheer'd my drooping heart ;  
He said my father I should see,  
And meet no more to part.

“ He said, ‘ You must have faith to trust  
That what I’ve said is true,’  
And I said ‘ I know he will come back,  
With the ship and all her crew ;

“ ‘ Because,’ I said, ‘ you’ve hush’d the wind  
And calm’d the angry sea,  
As Christ of old still’d with his voice  
The waves of Galilee.’

“ Then without saying another word,  
In a moment, he was gone,  
And the light disappear’d as suddenly,  
And I knew I was alone.

“ With hope revived, and a joyful heart,  
I lay down on my bed,  
And I fell asleep, and dream’d all night  
Of the words that he had said.

“ And in the morning I told my mother  
How the angel had appear’d,  
And that my father soon would come,  
And how my heart was cheer’d.

“ But she said it was all a midnight dream  
Of the angel and the light,  
And that the storm had never ceased  
Throughout the gloomy night.

“ But I started off and came down here,  
And watch’d the restless sea ;  
The angel I knew had told me true  
That he would come back to me.

“ So now you know why I do not play,  
But dwell on the beach alone,  
And why I stay and watch all day  
Upon this rugged stone.”

## PART. III.

## SAFE IN PORT.

MONTHS past, and then one day I stroll'd  
Up that deserted shore,  
And I thought of that child, and long'd to see  
Her simple face once more.

But when I reach'd that rugged stone  
Where she before had been,  
I look'd in vain, I look'd again,  
She was not to be seen.

Then I thought how she told me she lived on  
the cliff,  
With her mother all alone ;  
So I sought her house, and knock'd at the door,  
And ask'd where she had gone.

Then her mother who open'd the door replied,  
(A tear stood in her eye,)  
That she had gone to her father in heaven,  
*Beyond the sea and sky.*

She said, " Poor Lucy was never well  
After that boist'rous night,  
When she dreamt her father would come again,  
And saw an angel bright.

" And it was all through the dream she had  
She got it into her head  
That the ship was safe and would soon come back,  
And her father was not dead.

" And from that day she got worse and worse,  
And her face got thin and pale ;  
And then she could not get down to the beach,  
For her strength was beginning to fail.

" And at last, confined to her bed at home,  
For six long weeks she lay,  
Till that angel came down from heaven again,  
And took her soul away.

" She died in perfect faith and hope  
That her sins were all forgiven,  
And that soon, as the angel said, she'd see  
*Her father up in heaven.*

---



“ ‘For now,’ she said, ‘I understand  
The words of that angel fair ;  
It was not on earth that we should meet,  
But we should meet up *there*.

“ ‘My boat is tossing to and fro,  
But the voyage will soon be o’er,  
And in that bright country my father I’ll meet,  
And meet to part no more.’ ”

\* \* \* \* \*

So is it with each one voyaging on,  
Tempests and quicksands are near ;  
With the pilot on board, our vessel to guide,  
No tempests nor quicksands we fear.

Many are crossing the ocean of life,  
Many have cross’d it before,  
And safely the harbour of refuge they’ve gain’d,  
And rest on that heavenly shore.

All must have faith, like this child, to believe  
That the voyage will be ended at last,  
That in that fair haven their father they’ll meet,  
When this earth and its sorrows are past.

*Brighton, 1876.*

## A Mail from the Sea Shore.

A VERY TRUE STORY.

(*Founded on Fiction.*)



LISTEN to my woful *wail*,  
Nor think it only blubber,  
For there's a moral in my *tale*  
For every land-born lubber.

O how the sweetest tempered man  
Can have his anger kindled,  
And how the sharpest fellow can  
Most terribly be swindled.

Not feeling strong, and looking pale,  
By cough and sickness wasted,  
I took the B. and S. C. rail,  
And down to Brighton hasted ;

In hopes the change and turn about  
Would make my sinews tougher,  
Not thinking, when I started out,  
What I had got to suffer.

Oh ! all the troubles that I've met,  
Since in this town I've slumber'd,  
Are greater than I can forget,  
And more than can be number'd.

For with the cabby from the train  
I had my earliest trouble,  
Who said that, owing to the rain,  
The fare he'd have to double.

I paid the fare, dismiss'd the man,  
Though scarcely thought it fair ;  
But I knew by his curse I should fare much  
worse  
If I'd stopp'd to argue there.

But if I were to tell you all  
My trouble and my sorrow,  
You may depend I shouldn't end  
My tale before to-morrow.

And so to save your time and mine,  
And end my story soon,  
I'll only tell you what befell  
Me there one afternoon.

'Twas on the esplanade I'd stroll'd,  
To see what I could see,  
When a printed board I saw which told  
That every day at ten and three,

The yacht *Skylark*, if weather permit,  
Would sail about the bay ;  
And a shilling a-head, the notice said,  
Was all there was to pay.

I'm not a good sailor, but the sea was so calm,  
And the weather delightfully fine,  
That when tempted to go I didn't say no,  
For the pleasure I couldn't decline.

So I went aboard, and took my place  
"Amidships," to 'scape the motion ;  
And soon from the shore, at a terrible pace,  
We were "walking \* " over the ocean.

But the waves which, at first, had seem'd so  
small,  
Were gradually getting larger,  
And the wind, which at first had scarce blown  
at all,  
Was blowing now much harder.

---

\* "*She walks the waters like a thing of life.*"—Byron.

And soon my brain began to spin,  
I was queer without a doubt ;  
So the steward I sought, and from him I bought,  
A bottle of Dublin stout.

Then knocking the bottle off at the neck,  
I drank it as I stood there ;  
And the fellow said if I paced the deck  
I should lose my *mal de mer*.

Backwards and forwards, with placid smile,  
I walk'd now slow, now quicker ;  
But I soon found out that horrible stout  
Had only made me sicker.

Down came the wind and struck us " abeam,"  
I fear'd we had sprung a leak ;  
I could not walk, nor even talk,  
For my *heart* was too full to speak.

So I took my seat at the old ship's side,  
According to the skipper's directions ;  
In the waves as they passed I gazed, till at last  
I was lost in my own reflections.

But now upward rose the swelling main,  
Like the mane of an angry horse ;  
And the ship with the *gamboling* waves began  
To play at pitch and toss.

For up to the sky like a skylark she rose,  
Then low as any barometer ;  
And then she twisted round and round,  
Like a Crooke's radiometer.

And now like a helpless log we lay,  
'Twas terrible to see,  
And though I scarce could see the ship,  
We often "shipped a sea."

The skipper turn'd to the man at the wheel,  
And shouted loudly "Port 'er !"  
And over the side my stomach replied  
In forcible language, "Porter !"

With the din on deck, and a heavy heart,  
And vainly gasping for breath,  
I was carried below and laid in my *berth*,  
Though it seem'd more like my death.

---

I needed no more for me to decide,  
A fellow I am not of the sea ;  
And yet if I died, like a suicide,  
'Twould, I knew, be a *felo-de-se*.

\* \* \* \*

How I got back to shore again,  
Is what me most astounds ;  
One thing I know, I wouldn't go,  
Again for fifty pounds.


MORAL.

Now all my friends, who live on shore,  
Just listen unto me :  
If you've not been, if you've not seen,  
Don't wish to go to *see*.

*Brighton, Dec. 1876.*



## Edith.

DITH, Saxon Edith fair,  
Hear, I pray, my suppliant prayer ;  
Do not thus this friendship sever !  
Do not let us part for ever !

Take the heart I offer now,  
Take my true and honest vow,  
Telling thee how I adore thee ;  
Do not scorn it I implore thee.

Love for love is all I ask,  
Thine is far the easier task,  
Easier that thy love increase,  
Than for mine to ever cease.

One sweet smile wilt thou not give,  
'Tis for thee I only live,  
But if thou can'st my prayer deny,  
Let me go and I will die.

*After reading Byron, Brighton, 1876.*



## Song.



LOVE my love, because I know  
That my love she loves me ;  
Though ills appear, I'll never fear,  
That she will faithless be.

Though friends may fail and foes assail,  
And all seem dark to me,  
Yet one bright eye is ever nigh  
To cheer my misery.

Then vanish care and wild despair,  
And come and reign with me ;  
Bright hope and joy without alloy,  
For she will faithful be !

**To Russ.**

**B**USS, as before the fire you lie,  
And pant and puff and blow,  
I often wonder, when you die,  
If you to heaven will go.

Why should good dogs not fare as well  
As holy men in heaven ?  
And wicked dogs be sent to hell  
With men who're unforgiven ?

You know what's wrong, you know what's right,  
You shew your common sense,  
And though you sometimes have a fight,  
'Tis but in self-defence.

You've reason and intelligence,  
Of this I am convinced ;  
Why should you have a mind to think,  
If it will end with death ?

I hope good dogs around the throne  
Will meet to part no more ;  
I hope 'twill not be men alone,  
Will reach that distant shore.


### My Choice.

**S**HE must be pretty, but not a coquette :  
Either a blonde or else a brunette :  
Neither too tall, nor too short must she be :  
Neither too big nor too little for me :  
A little money I'd rather she had,  
Though that doesn't prove that she's good or she's bad :  
Affectionate, unselfish, joyous and free,  
Such must be she, who is destined for me.

1876.



## The Old Year.

 HE old year is dying,  
While the winds wearily,  
Sigh outside the room,  
And bleakly are blowing ;  
Pile on the fire cheerily,  
On the hearth glowing,  
Scattering the gloom.  
And the merry red-breast  
Tunes his joyful lay,  
As if to make the best  
Of the wintry day.  
Outside the frost and cold,  
With the snow are laughing,  
Inside the young and old,  
The punch bowl are quaffing.  
Outside the wintry wind  
Coldly is blowing ;  
Inside the Christmas fire  
Brightly is glowing.  
Friends, too, from far and near,  
Round the yule log meet us,  
Friends who are old and dear,  
Cheerfully they greet us.

---

But toll the bell slowly,  
For the year that is dead,  
The days that are fled.  
Ring out the old year, \*  
Bring in the young one ;  
Ring out the false friends,  
Bring in the true ones.  
Time it is flying,  
The year it is dying,  
And that of old age :  
Think of it, grovelling worm,  
(Do not the warning spurn)  
Even before you turn  
Over this page.

*Dec. 1876.*

---

\* Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.—*Tennyson.*



### God : the Creator.

**T**HE birds and flying creatures of the air,  
The fish that in the seas and lakes abound,  
The beasts and crawling things upon the  
ground,

All, all their great Creator's power declare.

And shall a man, a feeble mortal, dare

Deny a fact so mighty and profound,

When birds, beasts, fishes, and all things around,

Agree, acknowledging it everywhere ?

Shall man—who is the highest in the scale—

Shall he debase himself below a brute ?

Man—whose life is so fleeting and so frail—

Shall he such boundless evidence dispute ?

Weak man—shall he this truth of truths assail ?

Rather than this he had been born a mute.

*Jan. 26, 1877.*



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Song.

## THE WEST WIND.

**B**LOW again, west wind, blow again to me,  
Bearing my true love over the sea ;  
Speeding his ship along,  
With your welcome gales,  
As chanting a merry song,  
He lets fly his sails.

O I love the west wind, for it's soft and light,  
Scattering the darkness, making all things bright ;  
And I love it because  
It's bearing to me  
My true love, my true love,  
From over the sea.

1877.



**Epigram,****ON MY BROTHER TAKING "THE PLEDGE."**

**M**R. BEAUMONT has taken the temperance  
pledge,  
From intoxicating drinks to abstain ;  
The reason for which I beg leave to allege  
I know, and will try to explain :—

He thinks by doing this, in a short while,  
His fortune will swell out his purse,  
That he'll be able to drive out in style,  
With a *pair of black cobs and a hearse.*

*Jan. 1, 1877.*





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The Drunkard.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

**D**OME they brought her almost dead,  
She nor moved, nor utter'd cry,  
And the cruel doctor said,  
"She must bleed or she will die."

Then they pitied her, so low,  
Told her that the drink she loved,  
Was her nearest, dearest foe ;  
But she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole the doctor to her bed,  
Lightly with his lancet stept,  
Took six ounces from her head,  
But she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a friend of many years,  
Set the goblet on her knee,  
As flow'd the liquor came her tears :—  
"Sweet luck, my friend, I drink to thee."

1877.



### The Lark.

**B**EHOLD the lark, rising at dawn of day,  
His song of praise the early morning fills  
With exquisite music, as each note he trills;  
Roll'd from his varied tongue in joyful lay;  
Bright harbinger of Spring and early May.  
And as he soars aloft over the hills,  
His piercing voice through silent daybreak thrills;  
As if its joy to all it would convey;  
And ever rising higher and more high,  
He sings with song still louder and more loud.  
Reduced at last to a mere speck upon the sky,  
Or hidden perhaps behind a cloud,  
Still sings.  
So poets' songs can never die,  
Although the tomb their bodies may enshroud.

1877.



*To the Sea.*

**O** BOUNDLESS blue ! O vast expanse of sea !  
Thy upward heaving breast is never still,  
No man can rule thine ungovernable will,  
But all things and all men give place to thee ;  
Things change—men die—where'er we look, we see  
The work of change and death ; but never will  
Time nor change alter thee ; for thou wilt fill  
Those cavern depths to all eternity.  
Even the rocky shores that gird our land,  
Acknowledging thy power, thy will obey ;  
For iron bound cliffs that from past ages stand  
Immoveable, in time, to thee give way,  
Retiring from thy ever conquering hand,  
Obediently they own thy mighty sway.

1877.



### Night in the Tropics.



**W**HAT stillness reigns ; and how serenely night  
Has stretch'd her mantle forth, and tran-  
quilly

Is resting on the heaving tropic sea.  
How quickly here the dark succeeds the light !  
No twilight in these zones, but suddenly  
The sun is headlong lost to sight.  
How quiet, too, the ocean at this hour !  
For not a sound or ripple can we hear,  
Save when the flying fish in terror springs  
Aloft ; but vainly, for his scaly wings  
Soon dry, then panting back with madden'd fear,  
He falls amidst a phosphorescent shower.

1877.



*Night (at Home).*

**T**HE even falls : the dewy shades of night  
Descend and clothe the earth in darkness  
drear ;

And one by one as the pale stars appear,  
They with the moon their feeble powers unite,  
To shed abroad a weird and ghastly light ;  
And lengthening out the shadows far and near,  
Extend in endless lines, and grow less clear,  
Till mingling in the dark are lost to sight.


And as night follows each day past away,  
'Twill follow, too, the close of life's brief day :  
No time for prayer with that fast fleeting breath,  
Nor vain regrets amidst the shades of death ;  
For, like the evening shadows, drawn at length,  
Our wishes, lengthening, fade with failing strength.

1877.



## Voices from the Ocean.

### PRELUDE.

 HE thoughtless youth may turn this page,  
And call what follows idle dreaming ;  
Not so the older, wiser sage,  
Who sees in it a deeper meaning.

But still I trust that *some* will read  
The moral 'neath the surface lying ;  
And that to some its voice will plead,  
Like weary winds at even sighing.

If I accomplish such a task,  
My labour is not vainly spent ;  
No more than this I'll wish or ask,  
But therewith I will rest content.

### THE VOICES.

ON the silent shore I wander'd,  
Led by Cynthia's mournful light,  
Sad I was, too, as I ponder'd,  
On that well-remember'd night ;

---

For my head was bow'd with sorrow,  
Old in grief though young in years,  
Hope to me had no to-morrow,  
But its day was wet with tears.

And I linger'd out that evening,  
Hoping grief might comfort find ;  
For my wounds the balm receiving  
From each fragrant healing wind.

Nothing in the air was stirring,  
All was still'd and hush'd in sleep :  
Nothing but the oft-recurring  
Sigh of winds across the deep.

And the still unruffled ocean  
In its bed had gone to rest ;  
Nought betray'd its breathing motion,  
Save its ever-heaving breast.

As I listen'd to the sighing  
Winds across the distant sea,  
Like the mourners for the dying,  
Seem'd those voices unto me :

Like the mourners' anguish'd groaning,  
For the loved, the lost, the dead,  
Like the sound of hopeless moaning  
That will not be comforted.

As I listen'd to the noises  
Of the winds, they seem'd to take  
Human forms, with human voices,  
And to me the voices spake :—

“Do not murmur at your trouble,  
God is love,” they seem'd to say ;  
“If He will it, like a bubble  
Bursting, it will fade away.

“For although your road is rougher  
Than the road that some have trod,  
’Tis His will that you should suffer,  
Meekly take it ; kiss the rod.

“’Tis your faith that He is testing,  
Do not then His judgment slight ;  
Nor with Providence contesting,  
For whate’er He does is right.



“And in all He sympathises,  
Nothing to His ear is lost ;  
Oft the one He most chastises  
Is the one He loves the most.

“Just before the rise of morning  
Is the darkness at its height ;  
So 'twill be with heaven's dawning—  
Brighter after death's dark night.

“For the sun is ever shining ;  
Though the clouds look dark and drear  
Each has got a silver lining,  
And will quickly disappear.

“Know, then, that these sore afflictions  
Are but blessings in disguise ;  
Such will be your own convictions,  
As the scales fall from your eyes.”

Then the murmur of the breezes  
Died away ; I heard no more,  
Save the flood-tide as it seizes  
On the disappearing shore.

Back I came ; my heart was lighter  
Than it had been for many years,  
And I felt my sky was brighter,  
After flooding showers of tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oft at eve, with strains enchanting,  
Come those voices back to me,  
Like the sound of angels chanting  
Vespers o'er the distant sea ;

Soothing me when sad and weary,  
Or by earthly pains opprest,  
For sorrow, bringing joy to cheer me  
For tears and toil, relief and rest.

II.

EVENING BREEZES.

How sweet it is at eve to stroll,  
And hear, when daylight's past away,  
The solemn sounding church-bell toll  
The curfew of another day.

---

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How sweet the murmuring of bees,  
When nothing can be heard beside ;  
And how I love the dewy breeze,  
That rises with the rising tide.

How sweet the odours that it brings  
From o'er the sea at even time,  
Bearing upon its aery wings  
The fragrance of another clime.

And if so sweet when day is past  
The voice of winds and bees' dull hum,  
How sweet, too, it must be, at last,  
When life's day's o'er, and night is come,

When on that awful brink we stand,  
To hear one voice of tenderness,  
To have some dear friend's loving hand,  
And cheerful comforting caress ;

To feel his soft and gentle breath,  
Like evening winds from o'er the sea ;  
When in the cold embrace of death  
How sweet his soothing voice must be !

And when is ended life's brief day,  
When Styx's current o'er us rolls,  
And for our spirits past away,  
With measured beat the church-bell tolls ;

How sweet to breathe upon that shore,  
Where rapturous joys and pleasures are,  
The fragrance that, on earth before,  
We only scented from afar.

*Hastings, 1877.*



### Associations.



IS it a feeling, a passing emotion,  
Which oft in a moment enlightens the  
mind,  
Like the beacon which suddenly shines o'er the ocean  
As the mariner hopes the safe haven to find?

What is it when most we are bow'd down by sorrow,  
And all our horizon in darkness appears,  
That leads us to hope that perhaps on the morrow  
The sky will be clear'd of all sorrows and tears?

When joys reign supreme, and when sorrows are  
banish'd,  
Or when we are troubled by trials and fears,  
A something takes us back to a time that has  
vanish'd,  
And thoughts of the past that lay dormant for  
years.

A song that is sung, or a word that is spoken,  
Is often enough to remind us again  
Of promises kept, of promises broken,  
Of memories mingled with pleasure and pain.

A sound of sweet music will sometimes awaken  
In the heart-strings a chord of an earlier day,  
First swelling aloud to a strain long forsaken,  
In melodious cadence then dying away.

Or even an odour will often recall us  
To remembrances of the days that are fled ;  
Whatever should happen, whatever befall us,  
We cannot forget them nor treat them as dead.

Though other feelings and thoughts should surround  
us,  
They still will appear in a manner sublime ;  
The brightest when all seems the darkest around us,  
Like fair oases in the desert of time.

What is it preserves them ? why have they not  
perish'd  
In the dim distant past ? but now, like a scroll,  
Unfolding, they shew us how dearly they're cherish'd,  
And treasured within from the depths of the soul ?

We know not. But who will not say they are singled  
In this way from many in order to prove  
That He Who midst darkness these bright spots has  
mingled,  
*Is truly a God both of mercy and love.*

---


And He, in His kindness, our blindness beholding,  
Just touches, as if with a magical wand,  
The curtain of fate in the past, which unfolding,  
Reflects as a mirror the future beyond.

O who will not say that to each God has granted  
A soul that is pure as the sun when it shines,  
And when it receives the impressions implanted,  
They glitter for ever in indelible lines.

1877.



## He is not Dead but Sleepeth.

 ALL it not death,  
He is not dead but sleepeth.  
Not with his breath,  
But in his works he speaketh.

For still he pleads,  
His voice is silent never,  
And in his deeds  
He liveth on for ever.

When darkness comes  
We shall his words remember,  
Like wintry suns  
That shine in mid December.

Let us but wait,  
Soon darkness turns to light,  
Mourn not our fate  
“Whatever is, is right.”\*

1877.

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\* Pope.



## Theobald's.



SEE the old familiar place,  
And Jackson's noble classic face,  
Ah, that was everywhere !  
If in the orchard gone to thieve,  
Or slipp'd down town without his leave,  
I always met him there.  
The play-room ! where on winter nights  
We baked potatoes ; had our fights !  
How I remember one,  
As if 'twere yesterday,  
When Evans stopp'd the dread affray,  
Before it had begun !  
And Tommy, at his books a fool,  
The greatest athlete in the school,  
Whom every fellow loved.  
But Jackson used to say that he  
Would never, like his father, be  
A learned man—Q.C., M.P.,  
Unless he soon improved.  
And Flint, how I remember when  
The hundred yards, in seconds ten,  
He ran, 'midst deafening cheers.

Old Wotton's honour'd hoary head,  
His manly form, his martial tread,

I recollect him yet.

He taught us broadsword, drilling too,  
And spun us yarns of Waterloo,

Which I shall ne'er forget.

The three R's I was also taught ;

(I learnt the rule of three.)

And Practice—Simple Interest—

And Euclid too—(I liked it best),

Its practice interested me.

And Virgil, though it wasn't Saxon,

Was simply taught by Mr. Jackson,

But Greek ! ah ! all I used to know

Was *Σώη μου, σας ἀγαπῶ*,\*

(We used to read in bed.)

Ah, me ! what peril did environ

The boy who meddled with old Byron ;†

And that's why he was read.

1877.

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\* From "Maid of Athens."—*Byron*.

† "Ay, me what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron."

*Butler*.

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Lines written in an Album.

HERE, on this page, I write my name,  
As others who have done the same ;  
How easy 'tis in black and white,  
With pen and ink one's name to write !

Oft thoughts are by the pen avow'd  
Which we should dare not speak aloud ;  
And oft a few words are the token  
Of a heart full of love unspoken.

Some written words, though meant to please,  
Are nothing more than flatteries ;  
And spoken words, sometimes, I fear,  
Are only meant to charm the ear.

O that I in your noble mind  
One clear unwritten page might find,  
And that my name I there might write,  
In everlasting black and white !\*

Feb., 1878.

- 
- \* "But could I thus, within thy mind,  
One little vacant corner find,  
Where no impression yet is seen,  
Where no memorial yet has been,  
Oh ! it should be my sweetest care  
To write my name for ever there !"

Moore.

### The Flower.



LOVED a little flower,  
I train'd it carefully,  
And tall it grew and fair as well,  
And blossom'd wondrously.

But soon the summer past,  
And autumn's chilly breath  
Blew o'er the earth, upon my flower,  
And laid it low in death.

But though the flower is dead,  
It lives in memory ;  
And in another, brighter land,  
It buds eternally.

There in Elysian fields,  
In glory still it thrives,  
'Neath gentle angels' tender care  
It blossoms and survives.

*Feb. 24, 1878.*

### Human Life.

**L**IFE is like a mighty ocean,  
While upon its bosom glide  
Men, as vessels, sailing ever,  
Battling with the angry tide.

All are moving, quickly—slowly,  
Some as if 'twere all a dream ;  
For the humblest one and lowly  
Still is following the stream.

Some enfeebled, weak, and ailing,  
Only seem to move by stealth ;  
Some, like treasure vessels sailing,  
Argosies of boundless wealth.

Upward, with the upward motion,  
Each is ever sailing on ;  
Onward, onward to the ocean,  
Where so many more have gone.

All in different channels steering,  
But may each the haven find ;  
On the nether shore appearing,  
And not one be left behind.

Soon—how soon—the brightest morning  
Will to even's darkness wear ;  
Take, O take the poet's warning,  
For eternity prepare !

*March 24, 1878.*



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## The Wreck of the "Gunbar."

( *Unfinished.* )



HE was a gallant captain,  
Of a brave and noble crew,  
And they mann'd as fine a vessel,  
As e'er sail'd the mighty blue !  
Listen, and I'll tell the story,  
Terrible as it is true :—

'Twas an early day of summer,  
In the pleasant month of June,  
O'er Mount Edgcumbe's verdant hill-top,  
Sank the silvery crescent moon,  
As they lay in Plymouth harbour  
On that Friday afternoon.

Long they'd waited for the weather,  
Near a week had slowly past,  
And each morning for the signal,  
Had they watch'd the tapering mast :  
Now they know that all is ready,  
For the wind has changed at last.

See aloft the "Peter's" flying,  
And each last adieu is said :  
" Heave the anchor : to the land-wind,  
Every stitch of canvas spread."  
Sank that brighter orb of glory  
Westward to his dewy bed.

Now the gentle breeze of evening  
Bellies out each empty sail ;  
Scarce an eye with tears is moisten'd,  
Scarce a heart is seen to fail,  
As the "Dunbar" from the harbour,  
Flies before the welcome gale.

Every heart on board that vessel  
In each bosom beats as one ;  
With what joyfulness and pleasure  
Was the voyage thus begun ;  
But alas ! to end in horror  
Underneath another sun.

For though all appear'd so happy,  
Every heart as bright as brave,  
One there was whose brow was clouded,  
One old sailor's heart misgave ;  
Though he was as brave as any,  
*Still his face was stern and grave.*



Up and spake that ancient sailor,  
    (Long he'd known the angry main)  
"Never vessel sail'd on Friday,  
    And came safe to port again."  
But they spurn'd his solemn warning,  
    And the words he spake in vain.

For they said, "Too long we've tarried,  
    Why then should we longer wait?"  
He replied, "I've done my duty,  
    Warn'd you of a certain fate,  
And my words you will remember  
    When you find it is too late."

What strange love is it impels them  
    To desert their native shore,  
To leave home and friends behind them,  
    Ne'er perhaps to see them more ;  
And to seek another country,  
    Far beyond Atlantic's roar ?

'Tis the love of wealth eclipses  
    Love of friends and country old ;  
To Australia they would hasten,  
    There to find (so they've been told)  
All the valleys shine with crystal,  
    All the mountains made of gold.

Soon the vessel clears the harbour,  
With her sheets and braces free.  
England—from the east horizon—  
Sinks below the convex sea.  
Eddystone's light disappearing,  
Is the last that they can see.

See the northern constellations,  
Glitter in th' ethereal blue ;  
Ursa Minor slowly twisting  
Round the pole star centre true.\*  
But e'en these will shortly vanish,  
And be hidden from their view.

\* \* \* \* \*

1878.

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\* “—— when the lesser wain  
Is twisting round the polar star.”

*Tennyson.*



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## “PARRAMATTA RHYMES.”

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### Introductory.



ET not the humble shrink with fear,  
Nor pause before they enter here :  
Fear nor, fair maid, my thoughts are never  
evil,

I mean to speak “the truth and shame the devil.”  
For in this volume may you find  
Both drink and bread to feed the mind ;  
Then hesitate not to begin,  
But wipe your shoes and enter in.

1878.



### The Dedication.



TRUE and tried : O worthy brother,  
Accept, I pray, this dedication—  
The tribute of this plain narration—  
Accept it—for I have no other.

O you, who, in those early days,  
Forsook your pleasures all for mine,  
The studies of your art divine,  
And proved yourself beyond all praise :

Who from a depth of love sublime,  
Left home, where all your arts are taught,  
The "Fairy tales of Science" wrought,  
And all "the long results of time" :

For as we watch'd the sails unfurl'd  
Your hopes resign'd ; but thought with me,  
To seek beyond that southern sea,  
The "El Dorado" of the world.

O sharer of each joy and ill,  
'Neath other skies, your gentle voice  
In all my pleasures did rejoice,  
*In sorrows, too, was constant still.*

How can I,—if my muse could climb  
The summit of poetic fire,  
Or if all nine my soul inspire—  
Praise you enough in this my rhyme.

But what need for me to proclaim  
Aloud your worth, when, by your art,  
In many another grateful heart,  
You've rear'd yourself a tower of fame.

While I in my forgotten grave  
Shall lie, or trembling on the brink  
Of the "Great Unknown," shall drink  
Oblivion's cup from Lethe's wave,

You, from obscurity to fame,  
By constant stepping stones will rise ;  
E'en when your mortal body dies  
You'll live in your immortal name.

Then take this volume, tho' you find  
The faults as thick as summer bees,  
Or phosphorus in tropic seas,  
To each I'll trust you will be kind.

And if *you* take it as 'tis meant—  
If it accomplish such a task—  
'Tis all I wish : no more I'll ask :  
But satisfied will rest content.

1878.



## “Prelude to My Log.”

(ALL ROUND THE WORLD.)



AM told a prelude should not be  
Too loud ; but introduce the melody  
In perfect cadence : harmonious and soft :  
Returning to the fugal subject oft.  
It also should be short, and sweet as well,  
And of what follows after it should tell  
About enough to make you long to look  
Beyond. Let this suffice—“ Go, little book !  
“ I cast you on the waters without praise,  
And may I find you after many days.” \*

*Brighton, Dec. 1878.*

\* From Southey.



## Song.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

## I



HE anchor's weigh'd,  
And all is made  
As taut as taut can be,  
With every shred  
Of canvass spread  
The ship is put to sea.

## CHORUS.

*Haul the main brace,  
As now apace  
We plough the ocean deep;  
The mizzen stay!  
Well there! Belay!  
Let fly the cross-jack sheet!*

## 2

The sea we cleave,  
Behind we leave  
Old England on our lee;  
We disappear,  
Without a fear,  
Adown the convex sea.

CHORUS : *Haul, &c.*



## 3

The welcome gale,  
With joy we hail,  
    To speed us from our home ;  
And in our wake,  
Behind we make  
    A glittering line of foam.

CHORUS : *Haul, &c.*

## 4

The waves run high,  
The lowering sky  
    Tells us more wind is near ;  
But gaily on,  
We dance along,  
    And nothing have to fear.

CHORUS : *Haul, &c.*

## 5

We shout with joy,  
No cares annoy,  
    And fears assail us never.  
The earth is round,  
And knows no bound,  
    And we sail on for ever. \*

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\* We know the merry world is round,  
And we may sail for evermore.—*Tennyson.*

## CHORUS.

*Haul the main brace,  
As now apace  
We plough the ocean deep;  
The mizzen stay!  
Well there! Belay!  
Let fly the cross jack sheet!*

*Sept. 5, 1873.*



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Diary, 1873.*( Unfinished. )*

WHO erewhile in dull insipid prose  
Wrote of my voyage, now in verse propose  
To sing the same, help, then, O holy maid !  
And to my task vouchsafe thy gracious aid,  
In this my greater work to tell in rhyme  
The pleasures of that ne'er-forgotten time ;  
Of Neptune and his trident on the line,  
And greater wonders sing, O Muse divine !

Sept. 5th.

From Plymouth Sound  
We sail away,  
Outward bound  
For Sydney's bay.

Sept. 7th.

The bells are toll'd,  
For death has come,  
And seized upon  
A little one,

Within its berth  
As it sleeping lay,  
In peace, at early  
Dawn of day.

But three months back  
That child was born,  
In the raging of  
A Biscay storm ;

And now so soon  
She's call'd from here,  
To live another  
Life up there.

With thoughtful steps  
We haste to see,  
The last sad  
Final Obsequy.

Silence prevails  
As all press round,  
It breaks ! we hear  
A solemn sound ;

---

Above the noise  
Of wind and rain—  
A splash—then all  
Is still again.

A few more words,  
Then all is o'er ;  
The thoughtless leave  
And think no more

Of that little one  
In her watery grave ;  
Of the God Who took  
The life He gave.

**Sept. 8th.**

Pass'd Biscay's Bay  
With wind so fair,  
We now are off  
Cape Finisterre ;  
And Plymouth Sound,  
We're pleased to find,  
Is left five hundred  
Miles behind.

**Sept. 11th.**

To day a shark  
Was in our wake,  
Which, with a hook,  
We tried to take :

But he would not  
Attempt to bite,  
And very soon  
Got out of sight.

**Sept 12th.**

Becalm'd we lie  
For a day and night,  
With others in  
The self-same plight ;

Heat intense,  
What shall we do ?  
The temperature  
Is seventy-two.

*Written on board the "Parramatta," 1873.*



### Flying South.



OUTHWARD we fly,  
Ever with one resolve  
To pass the sun. The sunny climes  
Of the Antipodes.  
Now the stormy petrels  
Flit across our stern,  
Scarce stopping to pick up the food  
Cast from the ship.  
Now as we near the peak  
Of famous Tenneriffe,  
We see the shark, sporting himself, led by  
The banded pilot fish.  
Now the tropics reach'd  
Midst thousand birds  
Of every sort, we lie becalm'd and helpless,  
And roasted almost 'neath the sun,  
Now nearly overhead.  
Some with a line,  
And hook, and piece of pork,  
Try to take the wary shark  
By stratagem.

Others again,  
Less satisfied,  
Stand on the poop  
And whistle for the wind.

1873.






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## The Rape of the Lock.

(A SATIRE.)

—O—

### INTRODUCTION.

“F one man's disobedience," how his fall  
Brought so much righteous anger upon  
all,

And of the mighty cause which could inspire  
A noble breast with such indignant ire—  
Sing heavenly muse. In measured numbers tell  
What passions can in angels' bosoms dwell !  
How innocently can a wrong be done !  
(Far be it from me to defend this one.)  
What dire offences, in this present age,  
Can stir a lady's bosom with such rage !

O woman ! cause of sin since time began,  
How true thy name of wo(e) annex'd to man.  
'Twas thou man's happiness did first destroy ;  
Thou, too, the cause of all the wrongs of Troy ;  
Such great disputes have from small causes sprung ;  
But 'tis the tale so oft by poets sung—  
(By Homer first in Greece's balmy days,  
In later times the theme of Byron's lays :)  
A ravisher, a woman, and a plot.

Start not, my gentle reader, for I'll not  
Say anything in my indecent haste  
To shock you, for my muse is always chaste.  
Think not I'd imitate the vagrant "Childe,"  
For this I'll promise you "to draw it mild."  
No Don Juan or Donna Julia fair,  
I sing, but a most innocent affair,  
About the stealing of a lock of hair. }

## CANTO I.

A little ship was on the southern sea,  
And o'er the waves it sail'd so pleasantly,  
The royals were set : the wind was fair and light,  
And all on board this craft was calm and bright.  
For passengers had all so friendly grown,  
That unanimity reign'd here alone ;  
It seem'd the flag of Peace had been unfurl'd  
And proudly floated o'er this little world ;  
I've said "this little world" to suit my verse,  
"Twere more correct to say "this universe ;"  
For on this ship were stars and satellites,  
And nebulae, and other lesser lights ;  
Some meteors, too, which all the stars eclipse,  
And comets, circling in a vast ellipse,  
At different distances, some near, some far,  
*But all revolving round one central star.*

A FAIR AND BLUSHING MAID, to speak more plain,  
Whose charms held many hearts in love's sweet chain,  
And bound them, fetter'd by affection's thong—  
Was the bright centre of this circling throng,  
Round her fair form, by admiration led,  
How many haughty spirits bow'd the head !  
How many humble ones were at her beck,  
To hold her fan : escort her round the deck !  
On all she flashes forth her brilliant rays,  
Which they reflect in admiration's praise.  
Each captivated by her winning wiles,  
And sighing for the sunshine of her smiles.  
Over each heart she works this wondrous spell ;  
E'en ladies, too, admitted her *the* belle.  
Of all the pretty girls that were " aboard,"  
Not one so much as Bella was adored,  
Not one with Bella's beauty could compare,  
Her sparkling eyes, and lovely golden hair !  
But it were vanity to try to tell  
The thousand varied beauties of this belle ;  
As nature, when her fairy form design'd,  
So happily the different charms combined :  
She cross'd the breed ; and thus evolved—perfection—  
A Jewess, with the Saxon's fair complexion.  
And, O heavens, her hair ! which graceful hung  
Far down her back, and round her waist it clung !

The theme for admiration to her mother,  
And jealousy to many another.  
For wheresoe'er should love or beauty dwell,  
The green-eyed monster near will be as well.  
This was the brilliant centre of attraction !  
And cause in many hearts of mad distraction.  
What power she wielded o'er so many (?) there,  
Yet held them only by a head of hair !

And 'twas reported—but with how much truth  
I know not, but I'll give it yet, forsooth—  
'Twas said, in childhood, (she was now sixteen,)  
She'd been a sort of little "Faerie Queene ;"  
And that a lion follow'd her at will  
And guarded her from any outward ill ;  
And that, when other people did not dare,  
She tamed him by the influence of her hair.  
(This dog—I mean this lion—was the one  
Presented by Victoria's eldest son  
To Captain A. when viewing his demesnes ;  
Though some said 'twas a yarn for the marines.)  
Suffice it here to say, if she had been .  
A real Spenserian dame—a Faerie Queene—  
That many a Red Cross Knight, to win a wife,  
Had been prepared to sacrifice his life :  
To try his strength ; and, if he could, destroy  
*Duessa's champion* the proud knight Sans Foy.

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To combat with foul error's lustful ways,  
In order to obtain his lady's praise.

Other reports, the gossip of the hour,  
Invested in her hair some wondrous power  
To heal the sick (a sort of Gilead's balm)  
And shed o'er all a most amazing calm.

'Twas also said her lineage she could trace  
Through many strains (or stains) of Hebrew race,  
Far back to Mary Magdalene of old ;  
Who, as in Bible history we are told,  
Was gifted with a large amount of hair.  
Then Samson was no doubt from the same tree,  
Tho' certainly we've not his pedigree,  
But was there not a power in his mop  
Which vanish'd when he had the "county crop?"  
And with a fresh departure back from there  
She still could trace her lineage again  
To Balaam's ass—no ! that is not the strain ;  
(I might have said to Cain, to make a rhyme,  
But that were wrong ; 'twas in an earlier time  
Than even Cain's this pedigree began,)  
To ADAM, the first ancestor of man.  
And many other people I could name,  
As her own blood relations, she could claim.  
But I have said enough for those who doubt  
To prove the truth in the reports about.

Let sceptics sneer and baser minds dispute,  
I challenge all this one fact to refute :  
That ne'er on board a ship was known  
Such harmony and peace to reign alone,  
As here was found. And why not she the cause—  
—She who could alter even nature's laws—  
Enter the lair, and clip the lion's claws ?

## CANTO II.

Now sweetly smiling, down the western skies,  
Sinks Phœbus ; now the glittering stars arise :  
First the bright Southern Cross arrests the gaze,  
Then lesser magnitudes shine through the haze.  
As darkness deepens, each one burns more clear,  
Until Magellan's nebulæ appear.  
As fades the last dull streak of closing day,  
The wind too drops and slowly dies away,  
The vessel pauses, and each snowy sail  
Hangs loosely as the evening breezes fail ;  
O'er the unruffled deep no sound is heard,  
Save flying fish (chased by the frigate bird),  
A two-fold power nature in him endued,  
But in both elements is he pursued,  
For scarcely has he risen to the air,  
*But finds another greater danger there.*

---

The ship lies still : not a sound nor motion  
Is heard, save the long ground swell of the ocean ;  
So calm it seem'd, as if no hurricane  
Could ever agitate its breast again ;  
But tars, who long had sail'd that southern sea,  
Foretold that very soon a squall would be ;  
The gathering clouds and stillness of the air  
Tell them that now the ship they must prepare,  
Lest in a moment, by the sudden blast,  
Upon her beam ends, helpless, she be cast  
With open ports, when nought on earth could save,  
And each brave man would find a watery grave.  
The word is given ; and for the rising gale,  
Each sailor springs aloft to shorten sail ;  
The royals are stow'd, and all made snug and fast,  
And fearless they await the coming blast.

Four bells are struck : ladies retire to rest,  
And Bella soon her snowy pillow press'd ;  
The lights are lower'd : and all desert the cuddy,  
Save those who burn the midnight oil in study,  
Or gambling members of the vile " Brigade,"  
Who through the night ply their nefarious trade,  
Making night hideous with their greedy yells,  
And do not seek their beds till past eight bells.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Sirius his dual watches keep,  
And all on board the peaceful vessel sleep.  
So Bella sleeps, like Lucrece without fear,  
Unconscious that a Tarquin is so near.  
Behold a lovely maid, over whose head  
Scarce sixteen years have past with noiseless tread.  
How fair she is, and what a lovely white  
Is her complexion by this flickering light !  
Making the very bed clothes blush with shame,  
But not more fair than is her spotless name.  
Imagine her as peacefully she lies  
Asleep, with heaving breast and closed eyes.  
Imagine then a whisper hoarse and gruff.  
Imagine—but perhaps I've said enough.  
I've not forgot my promise, reader fair,  
And so perhaps I'd better leave her there.  
Imagine then a blank, an empty space,  
Fit emblem of the ship in such a place :  
Fit metaphor of the vast dreary ocean,  
And a lone vessel heaving with its motion ;  
'Twere better thus than to describe the scene,  
This row of stars won't tell you what I mean.

\* \* \* \* \*

( *Unfinished.* )

1878.



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Interlude.

THUS far half round the world we've safely  
sail'd,

A hundred and fifty meridians cross'd ;  
The antipodes are reach'd, and all's reversed  
The wicked here are blest, the good are cursed,  
The swans are black, the eagles here are white,  
The cuckoo gives his note throughout the night :  
The north wind is the warm, the south the cold :  
'Tis true the sun goes round the world each day,  
But contrarily he goes the other way.  
It's night here when in England it is day :  
Cherries have stones outside instead of in :  
Pears made of wood, I cannot recommend,  
The stalks reversed, grow from the larger end ;  
An animal they have with a duck's head  
And bill, and yet it is a quadruped \*.  
And so my friends if you would wish to learn  
About these wonders, you've only got to turn  
Over this page, and you will find, forsooth,  
This is the truth, and nothing but the truth.  
I've said enough to form an interlude  
Of a few bars. And if you wish the figure

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\* The duck-mole (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*).

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Work'd out in full, you'll find it following here.  
Canto Fermo and counterpoint appear :  
And if of all these wonders you would learn,  
You've only got to take another turn,  
As they would say in prison, on the mill,—  
A post I hope that you will never fill,  
For that, you know, is made compulsory,  
While this, an interlude, is voluntary ;  
While in that you always are ascending,  
But this you'll be glad has got an ending.

1876.



## Homeward Bound.



FROM Sydney's Bay  
We sail away,  
As happy as can be ;  
The joyous sound  
We're " Homeward Bound !"  
Is echo'd o'er the sea.

With sail press'd on  
We bowl along  
At thirteen knots or more,  
And from our sight  
The South Head light  
Fades with the distant shore.

Now with the Sun  
A race we run ;  
As if conscious of the strife,  
Our noble craft,  
With both sheets aft,  
" Walks like a thing of life. \*"

---

\* " The Corsair. " — Byron.

In the tropics now  
Our good ship's prow  
    Cleaves through the ocean brine ;  
The gentle breeze  
We gladly seize,  
    To waft us o'er the line.

Now as we near  
Old England dear  
    Each one is fill'd with joy,  
As the sharp look out  
Is heard to shout  
    The welcome " Land ahoy !"

The Lizard light  
And Isle of Wight  
    We pass as on we press ;  
The tug we take  
Just as we make  
    The lights of Dungeness.

O " Homeward bound !"   
More welcome sound  
    That " Outward bound" to me ;  
I love the foam,  
But love my home  
    Far better than the sea.

## CHORUS.

*Haul the main brace**As now apace**We plough the ocean deep ;**The mizzen stay !**Well there ! Belay !**Let fly the cross jack sheet !*

Feb. 12, 1874.



## The Vision of the Woman in White.

*On the night of Feb. 24, 1874, on board the "Parramatta."*



HAD gone to bed and got to sleep,  
About an hour or more,  
When a horrible scream,  
Like a man in a dream,  
Sounded outside my door.

I listen'd, and heard that voice again,  
'Twas a woman's, I declare,  
I jump'd out of bed,  
And poked out my head,  
And what did I see there?

Across the cuddy,\* on the starboard side,  
At number fifteen's door,  
A woman in white  
There met my sight ;  
I shudder'd, and closed my door.

I got back to bed, and tried to sleep,  
But still she cried the more,  
That woman in white  
Who had met my sight  
At number fifteen's door.

---

\* Cuddy = Saloon.

---

Again I rose, and look'd out of my door,  
To find out who she might be ;  
But by the grim light  
The woman in white  
Was all that I could see.

Quite terror-stricken and horrified  
I clamber'd back with fear,  
But that woman's yell  
Continually fell  
In accents on my ear.

Oft in the second watch of night,  
When waking from a dream,  
I start with fear  
And think I hear  
That horrible woman's scream.

"Who was" you ask with true surprise,  
"The spectre of that night?"  
I tell it thee,  
'Twas told to me,  
She was the Woman in White !

*December, 1874.*



## Postlude.



HE voyage ended : safe in port once more,  
We recognize the old familiar shore.  
With quicken'd senses, also looser tongues,  
With minds expanded, and, we hope, *our lungs*.

\* \* \* \*

May all who read "My Log" in future days  
Read, too, the moral which the book conveys ;  
Excelling all things, perfected in love,  
May they be fit to join the throng above.  
If on the waters I should find again  
The bread I cast has not been cast in vain :  
If it has done as much as it was meant  
I wish no more, but therewith rest content.

1877.













